Facsimile of the diary of David Fairchild that spans between February 13, 1933 and November 28, 1933. Manuscript is bounded in a document entitled *Mango Book* (201 pp.) that it is housed in the Archive and Library of Fairchild Tropical Botanic Garden.

Note: This is part of a document that was written between December 10, 1932 and July 10, 1942. In here we include the travelogue of his 1933 expedition to the Caribbean plus text written once he returned to USA. After the November 28 entry (page 83) this document mostly deals with descriptions of mango and other tropical fruits cultivars that were grown in Fairchild's home (The Kampong) at Coconut Grove, Miami. The Kampong is currently part of the network of gardens of the National Tropical Botanic Garden.

1933 — Feb. 13. Monday — Nassau on Watosana.

Tom Barbour, James Greenway & I came over here Feb. 11-12 on Monarga S.S. of Munson Line. Howling mob of drunks on board. Dr. Mrs Barbour came to see us off in Miami. Daisy & Barbara said good bye at the Poinciana train in the Vanderbilt. Arrived A.M. 12th unpacked & had lunch & spent afternoon in the woods rounding up at Dr. Dolly's house about 5 P.M. Very dry. few flowers and almost no insects flying. Bletia purpurea (previously found) and Crotalaria rotuna in flower & hammock in pine woods.

Both Tom & I think the pine is a different species from the Dade County Pine tree. Its crown is more picturesque in some way and bark is rougher somehow. I see Britton gives only the one species.

The Palm Thrinax microcarpa is a very handsome species. Must be very slow growing though. No good seeds available. Plenty of seeds of ~~Cabbage Palm~~. Ponce Thatch palm or Sabal palmetto which too seems somehow different from our Florida species of same name.

The rocky soil of Nassau seems for all the world like that of the region south of

1933 — Feb. 13 — Monday — Nassau

Homestead. and I cannot help thinking that it is the same geologic formation. The same ferns lycopods and grasses abound in it. and the hammock is filled with the same species of Tillandsias as occur in South Florida.

Dolly was glad to see us. He had thought we were coming by Air & had gone to meet us unfortunately.

He is just one of the most delightful souls imaginable & It seems a great pity that she is not so interesting as he is but tires one with her prattle about the doctors. Etc.

In the evening we 3 had a great pow wow ~~this~~ over everything Tom got me talking of dear Uncle Barbour & reminded me that both he & Tom were named after the same man Thomas Barbour. Uncle Barbour dropped his name of Thomas & took merely Barbour Lathrop & something of the same brilliancy of mind characterizes both Uncle Barbour & Tom Barbour. This old ancestor must have been a

remarkable fellow.

This A.M. (13) I saw Moseley at his little book store before which are still standing the Turks Head Cacti he brought from one of the other islands. They are picturesque plants.

I went to see Cousin Lena & Cousin Augusta (Mc Curdy) & found them in charming quarters with Mrs Whitehead 3 steps from Moseleys store. Very happy & well but just a little older and just a little more feeble. I waved them adieu through the Sana Bex trees as I drove away. I met Joe ~~Albury~~ Aebury in his car & he drove me out to their house.

Allison arrived at 12 on the S.S. Franconia & I went out in the launch to meet him while Tom & Greenway collected Polistes & other wasps & butterflies for Dezquet: who had written that there had been no collections of wasps made in the Bahamas worth mentioning. Tom found a beauty that was making its burrow industriously in the sandy soil in the bushes.

I had bought over the following species of plants to give to Mrs Clifford wife of Governor Clifford at Government house. I called with Allison at Government house & we wrote our names in the Governors book. He & his aides in Edmonston were just back from being the guests of Joe Meidener in Palm Beach. The Governor broke even at the Hialeah Races on Bahama Day the Governor said. Both were most enthousiastic about the race track.

The Governor recommended that we turn the plants over to Lawrence to plant in Government House garden. ~~so we de~~ Allison & I opened the box in the Customs House and Lawrence took charge of them. Langlois took several of the specimens for special care among them ~~&~~ were a tiny plants of Cyrtostachys renda. Elaeis ~~guineensis~~ guineensis, and Eugenia Coronata also Pauroti wrightii

Here is the list written from memory

Cyrtostachys renda.	Exoria caria bicolor
Elaeis guineensis	Eugenia dombeyi
Pauroti wrightii	" coronata
	Pithecolobium guadalupense

Combretum grandiflorum
Calophyllum calaba
Cipura biflora
Asyptegia martinicensis
Cocos plumosa (Malay dwarf golden)
Hakea acicularis

There were only two to four plants of a kind and small ones at that. But I think years hence that they will make their mark on this island & from it be spread to other islands in the Bahamas. I promised one of the golden coconuts to Dr Dolley. 3 to Mrs Clifford 1 to a Mr. Birch on Hog Island. 1 to Langlois and 1 to Lawrence. or if he wants it to Mr. Del Garmo the new Agriculturist of Nassau just back from a visit to Florida.

I wonder what will become of all these plants years hence. I fear almost sure that the Combretum grandiflorum & Eugenia coronata will succeed & the Golden coconuts too.

Allison forgot himself for an instant & thought Mr Dundas the Colonial Secretary was the Governor & I had to run after Dundas & arrange an explanation with Allison. It was a bad break but he got out of it by inviting Dundas & his party to lunch tomorrow.

1933 — Feb. 16. — Thursday. — Utowana off Nassau.

On deck at 6:1 A.M. leaving harbor of Nassau. Wonderful weather. ideal temp. Tom OK. All of us drinking Mate + training it. Sun allison.

Yesterday. spent until 3 P.M. with Tom + Greenway catching wasps for Barquet of the Museum + hunting plants. Lunch on stone wall in Hill Crest region beyond Montagne Hotel where we saw a number of long slender black wasps. I got some dust types + roots for wlmbs. Nothing of value in plant line observed.

There just isn't any soil worth mentioning on the islands. The rock is horribly hard. I have not seen any of the brittle soft miami limestone here. It is more like the ref limestone of the ridge on which our house is built in C.G. I saw none of the redlands red soil.

What's the use of their talking of growing citrus fruits in New Providence when we in South Dade County can compete with the deep soils of Central Florida.

I had the same kind of a conversation with the governor. Bede Clifford, in Government House after dinner there that I had in ~~Ap~~ 1927 with

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Governor Guggenberger. Both announced in the same type of position language that he was going to raise citrus fruits for local consumption and for export. Gov. Clifford is banking on the Canadian differential tariff. I think he will find that Canadians will be loath to buy W.I. fruit unless they are better graded + packed and of better quality than they are. The areas in the Bahamas where good first quality citrus fruit can be grown are not very great + they are generally so rocky that any protection with Sprays would be very expensive. It would be a hand grown crop. I talked up the Bread fruit as a crop but to no purpose as was to be expected. There is a fixity of imagination in the minds of almost all administrators regarding food plants. Its a curious phenomenon. I told the Governor that he would run into so much competition that it might be better in the long run to build up a new fruit industry in the islands.

The governor seemed more interested in "Belinda" just then. He is a charming fellow reminding me

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somehow of Pinchot in his mental make up. As a Politician he ought to be successful — popular and entertaining.

I am sorry I didnt see Judge Tuttle. He was on the bench & I didnt feel like disturbing him after dinner.

Had a few minutes with Dolley. His wife seems to always have a tea party on her hands. Or I seem always to run into one of them.

He had some seed of Trifolium subterraneum from Washington to test. I wonder if there is enough soil in Nassau.

The water problem makes it seem doubtful if any high type of agriculture is possible in Nassau. Special crops are what ones is the question.

Dolley says that Sir Wm. Morris established a botanic garden in Nassau when he was the Commissioner of Agriculture in the nineties. but the local people threw it out and for many years there has been ~~notice~~ no center of botanical interest here at all. I begin to look at the thing as pretty hopeless! To get the crop would be easier or just as easy

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as to get the people to grow it!

It occurs to me the government starts at the wrong end of the problem. Let it start with the creation of a demand for any one of the fruits they could grow and the people would be keen to grow it. They could grow well. Akees, Bread fruits. Sapodillas, Sapotes. Canistels Sour sops & Cherimoyas & Custard apples Avocados. and a host of quite tropical trees & vegetables but what the use unless they make a market for these fruits. Spend money to market what such fine fruits are grown & brought in would do more than all the advice in the world.

To think that after all these centuries not a single grafted Sapodilla is to be found in this whole region is a commentary on the intelligence of man in this region. I found darkey land owners clearing the brush around their Dilly trees to give them a chance but they were all shapes & sizes & flavors.

We in Florida have done no better with our Dillies. It is time varieties of the Dilly were established and good sizes fine flavored

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varieties established. Tom says Americans dont care much for dillies but it is no wonder since they vary so in flavor. There are thousands who love them & there could be a trade in dillies if the trees hadnt been so hard to propagate.

Master its propagation first!! Then select superior large fruited sorts of fine flavor then advertise it & cram it down the publics throat.

The Akee too has not been studied as to varieties either!

Begin Here

1933. — Sunday. Feb. 19. — Off Crooked Isl. in Uruwana.

We cruised around Cat Island to Watlings Isl. - San Salvadore. and arrived at daybreak of the 17th. There at the little town near the wharf we found Father Dennis Parnell a most intelligent Catholic Priest stationed on the island to take care of the interests of the Church. The church has 3000 acres in one tract. It includes the richest orchard area in the island. This area has in it some good soil but its fruit trees are in a dilapidated shape there because of the hurricane of Nov. 1932 just past. It left the foliage and broken limbs of the trees in its train & gave a very sad look to the lemascape. Father Parnell has a truck & pilotes us around.

Tom & Greenway got the endemic woodpecker and a number of other birds but although Tom sat one whole afternoon on the stonewall in front of the English church & shot twice at some hummingbirds that were visiting the patch of Ruellia there he missed them & was very disgusted over the failure.

I got some unripe pods of the endemic Agave ~~inaga~~ indagatorum that has broad rather twisted glaucous leaves & short spicules.

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and ~~a~~ golden yellow flowers on a stout shortish flower cluster. I didnt see the flowers but Father Parnell said they were very pretty.

Coccothrinax martii or what may be it was abundant everywhere and in places was mixed with C. argentea the silver palm. This Cocothrinax martii is used as a salad. The Colored girl who went with us merely cut down the sides of the leaf sheath so that she could pull the top over at a sharp angle and thus broke the growing point deep down in the palm & then she pulled it out. It was not bitter. We had the heart of palm for a salad on board. After the hurricane the natives lived on these palm hearts. eating them raw. Their crops were destroyed almost completely.

I went up the west coast to Gaharas Harbor. where Columbus is supposed to have landed. Then with Tom & Greenway through the tall brush to the orchard area. With the exception of a Tamarind a Mammee and a Mango or two I saw no large trees at all. I cannot believe as so

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many do that the plantations here were responsible for the destruction of a very luxuriant forest because the island is too dry and the soil is too scanty to have supported a very luxuriant vegetation. The ~~palms~~ Sabal palms are of good size and impress me as distinct from ours. having a different aspect that I am not able to describe. The Cocothrinax martii ~~was~~ was doubtless the palm most commonly observed since of Columbus & his men. It is not over 20 feet high a slow growing grey stemmed species ~~like~~ in appearance like the one in Nassau but has leaves that are not silvery.

I learned here for the first time of the Feather Bed birch Mobea crassinervis a relative of the Persimmon with leaves of amazing coriaceous texture & small round yellow fruit. It would be a good ornamental tree under cultivation I think. The Strong Back tree or olive with delightfully fragrant flowers I took quite a fancy to. It ought to grow on our rocky ruf in Florida. It is ~~Dunbaria~~

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~~Aunesia~~ Bourreria ovata. and its leaves are used as a tisan or tea being steeped in hot water & drunk. I think this would be worth trial as a fragrant flowering shrub for ~~house~~ ~~decorative~~ small yards.

A pretty Aunesia with striking decorative foliage & spreading branches and flowers of a deep pink reminding me of the one I found in Mayaguez last year is certainly worthy of cultivation. It is a stylish shrub. A. haematostoma appears to be its name.

I showed Father Parnell how to make a terrace & conserve the humus in his soil. He told me that he had piled up ~~wh~~ the sea weed 5 ft high on his little back yard garden and that in 2 years it had all disappeared in the soil.

It struck me that if I were a resident of Watling Island that I would encourage the inhabitants to build high 10 feet stone walls around their garden patches & make the patches small & gather all the soil & ~~forti~~ humus & manure I could into them

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little yards and practice a very intensive culture there conserving my water, protecting from spray & wind and making possible patches of vegetables there would support a family in vegetables. Greens with the cheap fish they can get would balance their budget fairly well. I saw fair corn (dwarf). Some sorghum or guinea corn. water melons beets. cabbages. lettuce tomatoes etc. in the gardens but usually everything was exposed to the sea ~~or~~ wind that blows always across the island making it comfortable even in Summer ~~the~~ Father Parnell said.

Wells can easily be dug almost anywhere by sand & good water is obtained from them only a few rods back from the shore. He noticed that the ~~so~~ plants grow much better after a rain than they do if watered with well water.

The darkies are an unusually intelligent lot & Father Parnell says the use of Buck Darkies as Stallions for producing good stock was common he hears in slave days on San Salvadore.

On Utowana

1833. Feb. 21 – Tuesday Off Acklin or Fortune Isl. Long Island. Bahamas.

We landed Sunday A.M. on Crooked Island at Pandrake Point Settlement & found the most ghastly mess I've ever seen. In November last is 1932 a tidal wave struck the town water is feet high rose & flooded everything piling slabs of rock a sq. yard in size in windrows on the shore & tearing almost everything in the way of plants to pieces. The jumbie bean (Leucaena glauca) an introduced shrub was flooded by the salt water but survived quite uninjured so far as its roots are concerned. How this plant has spread itself all over these islands!

It was strange to see Tom shoot two beautiful little hummingbirds that came to peck on some Aloes growing in an old man's yard (they use it extensively for medicine) The desolation! The poor little patch of aloes. Tom the giant and the tiny speck of a bird called "God's bird" & the nature made a picture I'll never forget.

James Greenway hired a horse skin & bones & rode across to Cripple Hill & Sea-View & hired a Bahamian darky who had a sail boat to ~~take~~ go to Samana

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after the Hutias that are there. He returned late at night with news of a great Bat Cave on the other side.

Yesterday A.M. we launched it around to the cave and had a glorious day's collecting there when the hurricane had not done so much damage.

The cave was fascinating, limestone with the walls covered with a a blue green alga of peculiar appearance which seems to live only in the parts of the cave that had just the right conditions of light as well as moisture. This would be an interesting problem – the algal flora & physiology of their growth in this cave.

Tom thinks the cave was formed when the island was much higher. I am inclined to think it might have been formed by the action of the sea, ~~the~~ before the beach was raised to where it now stands.

I found the wild Agave acklinicola or ~~such~~ take it to be. It's a nondescript looking thing but since its flowers have

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not been seen perhaps its worth taking to Miami to flower.

Tom found above the cave a cactus that turns out to be Cephalocereus Bahamensis, Britton. This has perfectly smooth fruits that are red inside a gorgous lake color. The arillus or whatever the surrounding of the seeds is has a gorgous translucence — I got a single flower that had not yet opened + took it on board. To my surprise it opened and gave off a curious odor strikingly like garlic. It filled the ~~the~~ sitting drawing room last night with its "fragrance" Britton does not mention this fact at all. I doubt if he knew it for he would have mentioned it.

Tom + Greenway got a barn owl. Some bats with snouts like the snout of a little pig and a large ~~Hawk~~ Fish Hawk (see my photos of this date) The Museum had no specimen at all of the hawk

There were numbers of a striking warp on some Cruciferous weeds on the hard shore. I got a lot of them for Dascquert to play with.

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Up on the cliff the vegetation was striking like it is in the Grenadines or ~~Bata~~ Great Inagua. Solid limestone on which Plumerias, Lignum vitae, Ficus aurea and Cactus Opuntias + Cephalocereus together with all sorts of nondescript plants like the Sodapple of Sodom. etc were growing.

In the brush near Cripple Hill I found two plants of the handsome Ipomoea heptaphylla? It is a very handsome species. (See 3013) and might hybridize with Horsfallae brigii. I got a single root only.

It was a day to be remembered!

1933. Feb. 21. Tuesday. — off Landrail Pt. Crooked Isl.

Here we are back from the days run to Albert Town Fortune Island: where we went to see what was there. The hurricane of Nov 1932 did much damage to the vegetation but nothing comparable to what it did here in Landrail Point.

I rushed ashore & presented the Yacht's papers, got a man to go with me — a crowd followed along. The usual Terminalia and Tamarind trees and many geiger trees which they call wild almond. I Jaunted about the Sweet Bark & the wireless operator ventured the remark that he had a few plants in his yard that he had grown from seed collected on Acklins Island 40 miles away across a very shallow sea — too shallow for the Yacht to cross. On Acklins the natives are trying to grow the tree or bush, he says. His plants were about 2 ft tall from seed that he planted in 1931. Much injured by spray & hurricane but still alive. He had planted the seed right in the deep sand behind his house. I photographed him beside his plants.

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Tom wanted to get me if there were any birds on the goat & Iguana Cays — two little islets between Fortune & Crooked Isl. So we went up there in the launch & waded ashore. The islands ~~were terrible places~~ had been swept by the hurricane 2½ months ago and looked badly whipped. The mangrove however had not been killed and the Sodoms Apple & all the nondescript Cay vegetation was coming back to life. Curly tailed lizards were scarce. Insects were very few indeed — a few wasps & flies only on the Widelia & a white flat crucifer. I found on Cat Cay — the most God forsaken landscape I have ever seen — just a few tiny colonies of the most timid ant I ever collected. It was a tiny long legged black ant and so fearsome that the individuals would come up to the edge of the hole take a look at me and immediately retreat. I could only catch them by crushing them in the sand with my finger.

It would be interesting to see what insect & plant life comes back here after the course of a few years. How did insect

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Tiny auts weather the storms. I presume in ~~the~~ cavities in the rotten trees or under the bark where they would be protected from the salt water. I never expect to walk over such lifeless rocks & sand again. Swept with salt waves. Yet many of the typical Key plants were coming back into leaf again.

The boys at Albert Town promised me roots of the Christmas Vine that has large pink fls. Ipomoea hepatophylla? but failed to find any for me. I have only one little root now. on board.

A Cotton bush or two were growing in the Yards at Albert Town & I picked some cotton for Cook's collection.

(Note added Feb 23) I forgot to mention that one stamped his leg while walking over the rough rocks of Iguana Cay and I found him sitting on the rocks at the edge of the beautiful sandy beach nursing it. as I came up. He got me to collect a lot of ~~shell~~ snails probably "Littorinas" that were just like one bleaching teeth only without the blood. As we sat there he called my attention to strange

foot prints on the sand. Strange large ones made evidently by a heron mixed with small ones that he said must have been made by a rat. Though to my untrained eye they seemed to be too large for a rat. These foot prints he afterward referred to in a manner which made me doubt if he was entirely convinced that they had been made by a common rat. although one of the Cays near this Iguana Key is called on the maps Rat Cay & another Goat Cay.

We did not settle this matter for lack of time then and the apparent futility of trying to under the conditions.

1932 —— Feb 23rd Thursday. Utowana off Mariguana or Mariquana.

I have just been on the upper deck with Tom scanning the horizon to see if we can sight the island of Mariguana where we hope to land this morning.

Before the incident passes into vague memories I want to record here the incidents, as I recall them, connected with Tom's attempt to get specimens of the Hutia Capromys said to inhabit ~~the Atwood Cay or~~ Samana or Atwood Cay.

Tom once telephoned me last year from Boston to go to Samana if we could find boat for it but I did not succeed in convincing him. Anyone it was necessary. I did not then realize as Tom did nor had Tom made it plain then as he did later how dramatic the discovery would be. It seems that J. A. Allen in the Bull. Am. Mus. Nat Hist. Aug 31 1891 ~~wrote~~ Article XXIII published a Description of a New Species of Capromys from Plana Keys Bahamas. Capromys ingrahami It appears that Columbus on his first voyage found some form of

this rodent abundant at nearly all of the several Bahama Islands he visited and a Mr. C. B. Cory informed Allen that "a peculiar ~~rat~~ large rat, probably a Capromys" is said to occur abundantly on the island of Mariquana a few miles to the eastward of Plana Keys. Mr Ingraham however wrote to Allen that he had spent from the 22nd of February to the 30th of March 1891, at the island of Mariquana and saw no signs of the Capromys there

Some was of the opinion that ~~the former~~ the Hutia on Atwoods Cay might prove to be a distinct species from the one on Plana Keys and naturally he ~~we~~ has been keen to get it for years. — In 1930 he passed this island in the Utowana in a gale ~~to~~ & high seas rolling that ~~now~~ made it quite impossible to land.

Immediately on on landing on the 9th I saw ~~town~~ settlement of Landrail Pt. that had been swept by the Nov. 1932 hurricane James Greenway at Tom's direction hired a skinny old horse & rode across the island to Sea View & Cripple Hill and there found a black man who had been

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once in Baltimore & who put on some style & whose wife put on style. & who owned a little sail boat & who agreed to sail over to Atwood Cay & look for the Hutia for $43 U.S. currency & promise of a bonus for every animal secured. James got back from his trip tired but enthusiastic. He had found a cave near Richmond – a bat cave that he wanted us to see & explore. (I have already told of our visit there.)

~~The~~ Mr Anxious agreed to wait ~~off~~ anchored off Landrail Point until the black man Moss returned from Atwood Cay. and in the mean time James, Tom & I put in our time exploring the region of Pitts Town Point which yielded another fine specimen of the rare Fish Hawk. James shot it & it fell in the sea & Ben came running to inform us to go & pick it up and scared us. We thought Greenway had shot himself by accident. Tom's language describing his fears I cant repeat here but it was profanely picturesque.

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Finally, just at sunset the white sail of Moss' boat came into view near the Light house & the excitement of Tom & James ~~was~~ grew more & more intense – rose to fever heat. They were so excited they rushed around the boat everywhere. and Tom suggested to Allison that the launch might go & tow the boat along as it seemed to be becalmed. Allison jumped into the launch and put off to the boat to see if he could hurry it in. I grabbed my camera & shot the sailboat as it got nearer. – a historic event. Tom said to me "Now David it is possible that you are to witness the description of the last new species of mammal to be ~~described~~ found in the Whole West Indies" Then in his quick dramatic way he described all the events in his life leading up to this moment. Counting his chickens before they were hatched as every really imaginative person who amounts to anything seems to do. I was terrified to the bone! I rushed out with Camera

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in hand to catch Tom & Greenway with the Hutias in their hands & joy supreme on their faces.

Allison arrived in the launch - ahead of the sail boat.

I can see Tom shake his head "They haven't got it" "They didn't find it" and gloom settles on one of our faces. Greenway was tragic. Tom was glum. There was no criticism of anybody. Though Tom's questions of Mass were searching enough to scare him. It was evident enough he had been to Atwood Cay. where the Hutia has long since vanished I judge and had gone to White Booby Key a little islet east of Atwood but not to Black Booby which Mass said was inhabited by goats & had no Hutias on it.

"Didn't see any tracks of the animal anywhere" said Mass. I asked if the hurricane had done much damage & he said. "Just like it did here" & waved his hand towards the ~~shore~~ desolate shore of R. Landrail Point

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I can see Dow Greenways thin face as he ~~lost~~ stood at the rail looking out toward ~~the~~ ~~is~~ Crooked Island. I never was sorrier for anyone. His imagination had built up an exciting event and that had vanished forever.

To my mind there is something inspiring about this incident. I think it is on a different intellectual plane from the excitement of the man on the bleachers who has bet on a race horse & it loses. It requires more imagination!

To the sailors it must have been incomprehensible that any one should get excited about a stupid tailless rodent that looks like a rat but to Tom & James there was all the ~~romance~~ geological romance ~~of this~~ connected with being present at the last event connected with the actual extinction of a species.

Gone forever more! No trained eye will ~~now~~ ever see this form of life that must have been abundant in Columbus time. A form brought about through isolation

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of 30 miles or so of ocean. How many thousands of years this Hutia was in the making no body will ever guess. How it differed from the Hutia on Plana or French Cay no one will know. To it is tied up many big questions of Evolution and of geological change in these islands. It was ~~so~~ important that a specimen be placed somewhere for later investigators to ~~study~~ see & study, and I am as sorry as I can be that it has gone.

Of course there is the chance that somewhere ~~in~~ in some hole in the rocks of Atwood Cay, a pair of these Hutias lives through the hurricane & that they will breed again but since Mars says the inhabitants are using poisons to kill the ~~rats & other~~ rats there to protect their plantations of Cascarilla & their vegetables Tom thinks the species is doomed to extinction before anyone can get to Atwood again to look for it. Atwood is surrounded by shallow waters too shallow for the Mariquana

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is the reason we didn't go there with her ourselves.

And now soon we shall be off Mariquana and land perhaps though the wind is rising & the boat is pitching & rolling & Tom poor fellow is upset in his interior & in his bunk reading a book on Russia.

1933 — Feb. 24, Friday. Utowana off Shore of Marquana & Marquana Bahamas.

Yesterday James & I went ashore in the surf boat. Just as we were drawing into the rocks and I was beginning to wonder if the boat was going to capsize as it did with us all at Tortola a year ago. I saw the sea pie (=Sea Magpie) or Oyster Catcher that Tom & James has been talking about ever since we have struck the Bahamas. It seems to be one of the rarest of all birds in Museums & they wanted it badly.

There on the rocks it stood & waited for us. I yelled to Jim & he reached for his gun & started loading it. The shells his hand brought out of his pocket were the wrong ones & he done again ~~for~~ to find the right ones. 4 times I saw his hand pull up the wrong shells. At last he got one shell in his gun & I expected him to close the gun & fire but no he went hunting for another shell. It was maddening for the Sea Pie was on its tiptoes to

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fly. And fly away it did & left poor James open mouthed & full of profanity! My how disgusted he was & how puzzled I was. — until he explained that he had Buck Fever & just couldn't get himself together & fire. I've never watched a man with buck fever before. It was amazing. And its too bad too for so far he has not been able to get close enough to this rare shy bird to bag one.

Martin & I went into the brush for a distance. & then I found a some fine specimens of ~~Co~~ Cephalocereus Millspaughii with tufts of wool around its flowers borne on one side only of the ~~s~~ fleshy stems. I got some seeds of this. It ought to grow well on our rocky soil. Its flower is much like that of C. Bahamensis but has no ~~our~~ garlic odor when I smelled it but may have at night just the same. for C. bahamensis flower did not exhale any odor in the morning!

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It was remarkable how few shells there were. Just here — there one of the types of Crooked Hawes but Tom thinks distinct. I caught a lot of Pointers. Have got an old nest of one species here. They were visiting the Crucifer (white flowered) Cabbile lanceolata ~~Capsicum longiracemosum~~ in considerable numbers. A little yellow butterfly ~~that~~ banana-orange little blue one that I associate with the gay days of Marians & my courtship & the first automobile we owned.

I must stop to breakfast;

Tom seemed quite surprised that the Cerians (shells) we found as broken fragments in the plantation on Mariguana were so very large than times those found on any of the other islands so far. I failed to find a single living specimen of this giant Cerion. Tom former now.

1933 — Feb. 25 Saturday — ~~off~~ Northward Sir South

Mariguana to Plana Cays.

In the afternoon I was too tired to go ashore but Tom & James did. They failed to get their coveted Sea Pie however though they got some other interesting birds.

Tom remarked at table last night that as he sat on the rocks out there alone in the brush and watched the sun set over the Caribbean. "I was just ~~thinking~~ thinking what a bloody ass I would have been to tie myself up in such a way that I couldn't be doing such things any more" or words to that effect. He referred to his escape from the Presidency of Harvard University. He is like a boy in knee pants, once out in the jungle or on the beach.

This A.M. ~~on~~ I heard Tom stirring in his room & walked in. He was reading in bed. It was 5.30 A.M. By 6. he was dressed & brought me a banana and at 6.30 the man brought us our maté and in a few minutes we were off in the launch with guns nets baskets camera psyche cigar boxes with paper envelopes for butterflies & cyanide bottle not to mention ~~little~~ pockets full

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of rubber stoppered vials full of alcohol. ~~Then~~ We got ashore in the surf. I was too slow & got my feet & legs wet. Tom went East James went looking for the Sea pies. Martin & I fought our way into the interior through the heavy brush to get a photo of Millspaughi Cactus It was too early to take a photograph. so I broke a twig of a Sea Grape to see if it had the strange ant in it which Nancy once discovered in Coconut Grove. It hadn't but did have a diminutive ant with white head & thorax & yellow abdomen. I took the whole nest. queen, eggs and all for Morton Wheeler. I looked in vain for other nests of this ant but could find none.

The Millspaughi cactus is rather ugly to look at. for its fruits have a pad of dirty wool-like substance back of each fruit. The fruits are borne in rows on one side of the stems. and when old the stems are blotched with all sorts of discolorations.

There was a dirth of insects & no interesting plants — all were of the nondescript character so common on Bahaman islands

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I spread now from a plant introducers point of view. There were no insects nor snails to spread of under the broad flat stones — a lizard or two we caught & a warbler ~~came~~ visited us to see what we were doing. Some thysanuras were under the rocks & scampered away with incredible speed. but I caught four — large silvery & brown marked.

Martin & I worked back to the shore to see if there were any wasps & butterflies to get on some plants of the Cakile lanceolata that were flowering there and we found so many and such varied ones — including one of the brilliant metallic green Polistes (?) and a digger wasp with slender waist. — These we stayed & then we collected for an hour or so or until Tom came back with his booty of a few song birds — one new to this cruise and we waded off to the surf boat & came on board — No Sea Pie yet. James remarked rather wisely I thought that the chase for the damned Sea Pie had upset his other collecting & that he didn't think it worth while to feature so especially one species over against the many interesting ones he might collect.

1933 ——— Feb. 26. Sunday ——— Utowana in route from Plana Keys to Great Inagua.

What a day! Yesterday I mean. We arrived off the lee of Plana Keys just as Ernest's new assistant sounded the gong for lunch. Allison as usual stood anxiously at the bow directing where to cast anchor in order ~~not~~ that if the wind shifted the yacht would have room to swing without striking her keel on some ~~sa~~ jagged coral head or other.

Change

Start too abrupt

There a half mile away the sea was breaking on the barrier reef of the little speck of an island; East Plana Key. I took the glasses to look it over and see where a break in its long continuous line of white foam could be found for us to get through with the surf boat. I could see none! I see miles long they seemed to stretch from East to west from end to end of the island. The water ~~to~~ around us was the color of indigo. ~~The~~ Shore it was a translucent liquid green. Above this long stretch of green rose the pure white sand of the beach and over that like downs the

26.

low bush covered island which we had come to explore. ~~On the~~ On its western end tall palms waved their fronds; slender stemmed palms with dense foliage which as I viewed them through the glasses seemed new. in ~~appearance~~.

I had expected to find the Key had been swept by the November hurricane but it had not and lay there ~~basking~~ invitingly in the sunshine. ~~to be visited~~.

Were the Hutias there, was the great question, for we had come all the way to see if a little short tailed rodent, known to be the species that Columbus found so abundant when he visited San Salvadore, 440 years ago, that his sailors killed it with clubs, had become extinct or not. ~~Geocapromys~~ GEOCAPROMYS INGRAHAMI is its name. We had heard it was still abundant on this tiny little uninhabited speck of land, one of the easternmost bits of land in the Bahamas.

Hutias

possibly

?

Change

By we I mean particularly Dr. Thomas Barbour director of the Great Museum of Comparative Zoology ~~and his companion~~

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in Harvard. The successor after several incumbents of the great Louis Agassiz and his assistant James Greenway enthusiastic student of wild animals.

~~Tom Barbour~~ To visit in ordinary company such an island upon which few white men have ever set foot would be enough of a thrill perhaps for almost anyone but ~~to~~ when I was to go there with the one man who in all the world was the most interested of any to see this little rodent – the last of the Mohicans, this fragment of an almost extinct species of mamal upon which few naturalists had ever ~~never~~ set their eyes was exciting beyond my power to discribe. – It had an esthetic background; part history, part geologic, part pure curiosity – a high type of enjoyment ~~It talk~~ ~~to~~ it seemed to me.

The surf boat was launched and we bid Mr Armour good by as usual and crawled aboard even though we were to be gone only a few hours with guns, vials pioche, butterfly net ~~boxes~~ cyanide bottle butterfly boxes and plant basket.

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While at lunch the launch boys had fought out & found a break in the ~~of~~ barrier reef & we steered for it and found our way through it by watching the coral heads. Then waded ashore onto the virgin beach and began hunting for traces of the Hutia.

Up from the beach we clambered ~~over~~ to the top of a high ~~jumping~~ sand dune an ~~ancient~~ rocky coast line, and before us lay a beautiful valley with hills & downs and ~~a~~ ~~sandy~~ stretches of sand covered with scrub & palms.

Short tailed lizards with their tails ~~curved~~ curled back like squirrels over their backs scampered everywhere or stood close to our feet & looked at us unafraid until we tried to catch them.

The first signs of the ~~Hutias~~ Hutias we saw almost immediately – their peculiar brown hard dung about the size of small beans lay scattered everywhere about on the sand, under the bushes.

Tom was as excited as any boy could be,

Feb 26

es, gun gitter in hand, he strode out towards the rocky hills that ~~[illegible]~~ lined the other coast. As for Greenway. he ~~do~~ simply ~~just~~ "disappeared;" this quick light step taking him out of sight before I could turn around.

Martin (the boatman) and I plodded along looking for Cascarilla bushes and examining ~~the~~ each nondescript plant to see if perchance it were worthy of collecting for use on the beaches of Florida. but fascinated by the signs everywhere of the strange new mammal I had never seen.

Two white headed ospreys flew screaming overhead and I wondered if their nest was about.

It must have been an hour before I saw Tom again. making his way laboriously over the most viciously dangerous knife edge and spicule covered ~~limestone~~ rocks I ever ~~tried~~ tried to walk ~~over~~ across. "Have you seen the Hutias?" he cried. I hadnt. I screamed back. "I've seen ten of them" "They are hard beggars to get though".

Feb. 26.

As quietly as though we were tiptoeing in some sick room we moved with our rubber soled sneakers over these piles of ~~grey~~ sharp grey ~~weathered~~ rocks. looking everywhere for the strange timid animals.

~~[illegible]~~ The I carried my camera opened for action ~~but I~~ and caught a "squirrel tailed" lizard with it that waited close by. As I reached the summit of the cliffs, I looked out over the most entrancing fringing ~~see~~ coral reef I have ever seen. ~~Brown & grey~~ Patches of grey & blue & green & yellow forming a pattern as beautiful as ~~an~~ a giant Persian rug. lay for miles stretched out along the coast and glistened in the afternoon sunlight. (maynard's osprey a rare local form)

But the ospreys flew screaming over my head; one of them with a fish in its talons, and landed on ~~the~~ ~~nest~~ a nest of sticks that like a castle ~~&~~ was perched on a tall pinnacle of this flinty hard rock. I made my way toward them as they screamed at me from

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their nest and found my way blocked. by that hatefullest of all the things that cover the West Indies — the ~~manchineel~~ MANCHINEEL tree. To go through it meant weeks of painful scratching (for it raises blisters like poison ivy does) + to go around it meant picking my way over loose rocks with edges as sharp as any rock edges can be worn by the erosion of rainfall. I made it, ~~though~~ but I heard ~~to~~ Tom remark ~~as~~. "If a fellow should fall ~~through~~ here his friends had better just fill his head with shot and leave him, for the rocks would so completely disengagelize him that he would be no good afterwards"

Then on the nest lay as still as ~~the~~ could be, flattened out as though dead the two young birds, their great black eyes seeming to be unusually large for birds so small.

Alarmed by my close approach the parent birds circled about me and it looked as though they were going to pounce upon my pith helmet + made me glad I had one on my head as a protection. I took

26. cont

my photograph + moved back + left the nest alone. I could not fail to ~~be~~ feel the glorious beauty of the scene. Screaming with eagle like birds flying over the ~~sea green~~ water carpet of green + blue + yellow coral heads. grey rocks in pinnacles and scrubby vegetation growing where you would think nothing could grow — and fluffy clouds slowly moving across the afternoon sky.

Retracing my steps, ~~I~~ every step painfully placed where nothing could trip me + pitch me down among the pinnacles, I joined Tom + ~~James~~ Greenway. and together we went back when Greenway had been + where he had caught his first Hutia ~~up~~ along a ~~top~~ dry lagoon which as we walked across its crust gave way beneath Tom and left a hole deep enough, had he not been quick to lift his foot to break a leg in caving +

Good

For the life of me I could not see the beasts. They were so quick + somehow or other I didnt get sight

26.

of a single one in the wild. ~~But~~ ~~James~~ A galinule distracted my attention in the bushes, swarms of little red & green bugs were the only ~~bugs~~ flying insects to be seen anywhere — they were feeding on some buttonwood bushes near the dry lagoon.

Martin & I strolled off into the large grove of Palms & took specimens of it — a new form perhaps — anyway a most desirable one for the coastal region of Florida for no hurricane that has ever swept this island seems to have been able to destroy this beautiful grove which ~~never~~ must have stood here for ~~fifty years~~ a half a century or more at least.

We had picked up some beautiful shells of ~~the Genus Cerion~~ a new giant CERION — the largest I have ever seen anywhere. ~~Here~~ We found the palm trunks covered with this beautiful species. I picked 52 from a single palm trunk. But the dearth of insects began to attract my attention & I stopped to

26.

collect a time ant for Morton Wheeler that ran like mad hither & thither over the white sand. It is not so easy to catch ants with a pair of forceps. One must have a good aim & be mighty quick. Some ants are just too swift & you must crush them with your fingers.

Here & there dead palm stems stood like fence posts and one of them ~~I broke down with my weight~~ I threw my weight against and overturned and found it honeycombed with termites. It was a ~~Subtermes~~ EUTERMES with few large headed scissor-jawed soldiers & large fat workers.

Just as I was ~~struggling~~ struggling to capture some white headed ants that had made their nest in a part of the termite runways, Tom's voice came from the ridge near the shore calling "Time". I had not noticed that the sun was getting low I had only felt ~~[illegible]~~ that I was living in an environment of soft sunshine as I wandered over the white sand covered, as it was, with the tracers of ~~a wild herbaceous little plant I have not yet determined~~ leaves of the Bay Geranium Ambrosia hispidus.

-2 p.-

From somewhere James appeared with four other Hutias stowed away in the ~~great~~ baggy pockets of her collecting jacket.

I had already photographed the one he caught alive & which Tom made him kill though he was crazy to take it up alive to Cambridge.

It looked to me more like a large longish haired guinea pig with a short stubby tail and prominent rhodent teeth – a likely pet for anyone who loves rabbits or white rats.

As we walked along, James stumped on ~~the~~ every thicket of low bushes in hopes another Hutia would run out; talking about the ~~day~~ afternoons finds and the ~~gorgeous~~ beauties of the place & of his longing to stay here another day and collect.

Tom was waiting on the shore & the swy boat standing by beyond the barrier reef.

We stood on the beach ~~at sunset~~ & directed Anderson how to get through

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it & then piled in and pushed our way out into deep water and men soon alongside. Not six hours had elapsed since we left the yacht yet I venture to say that neither to Tom nor B Greenway nor ~~the writer~~ to me had there ever come ~~more~~ a more wonderful five hours of collecting.

The whole ~~thing~~ incident reminds me as I write it of our other ~~day~~ afternoon years ago in the Sahara when Mariana and Graham and I dug bulbs & photographed the tiny desert flowers that a recent rain had brought out on the ~~edge~~ selge of the ~~Sahara~~ desert on the way to Bou Saada.

One thing I missed. I don't care who knows it either. It was the presence of one soul which would have felt the charm of Plum Keep in a deeper loftier way than even we think we have done. My friends all know to whom these words refer.

That such an islet should fall

a prey to the black mans dirty habits and devastating influence seems just too bad. It is a ghastly commentary on the craziness of the human animal which builds for itself millions of ghastly ugly habitations & swarms like rats in dirty cities living in caves and ~~below the~~ tramps through its tunnels in the ground but halts and Talks economise when it comes to the preservation of anything so choice, so rare and so beautiful as a ~~coral~~ little coral island in the Caribbean. No. preserve some artists painting and Gamble over the price of it and let people pay to see it but a gem of natural beauty!! Let the black man smear it over with his filth of tin cans, and other machine made publish. Bah!

(The above was written between 2 A.M. & 3 A.M. with the boat pitching a bit so it may need a lot of correcting.)

1933 — Feb. 28th — Monday ~~Tuesday~~ Off Matthew's Bay Great Inagua

Yesterday was filled up with a long morning ashore in the Simonette truck (Simonette being the ~~the~~ wireless operator) and a drive to Salt Pond Hill & around the town.

Six months of drought had already prevailed but so Mr D'Orsilz said but I was surprised to find the vegetation much of it green & fresh.

The trip across the broad savannah which in the rainy season is under water & which reminds me of the Everglade region around Flamingo was more interesting than last year over the same route for we saw the wild donkeys (see Photos) beautiful beasts & not too wild either.

Mr Cartwright ~~Wright~~ entertained us by his stories of shooting wild cattle. The Government owns them & charges 16$ for a licence to shoot them & so much for every one shot. There are thousands. Sometimes one hears the great bulls fighting. Their long horns clash so that you can hear them a half a mile away & their bellowing too

27th

can be heard long distances. Wild boars and wild horses too are abundant.

The salt ponds — great rectangular flat pans of sand were some of them filled with salt now and in ~~them~~ some of them great flocks of the flamingo were feeding. They looked so much like the paintings and photographs I have seen that I seemed to have seen them before.

(Cont.) Feb. 28.

We drove through to the lagoon where Flamingos usually live but saw them only one low bird — all were in the Salt Ponds.

I collected a lot of young Turks Head Cactus on Salt Pond Hill the same rocky mesa which we visited last year. James shot bats in the cave there and I collected ~~the~~ a fine Polistes wasp. Humming birds were busy among the cactus flowers there.

Opuntia Nashii was in quantity then. It is so nondescript and produces its fruit in such quantity that although I collected a lot of

On Utowana off Port au Prince

1933 — Feb. 28th Tuesday — ~~Port au Prince~~

them I repotted — threw ~~them~~ overboard for fear they might become weeds in Florida.

On our return I spined from my hat in the back of the truck an Ipomoea with striking pink flowers like those of I. horsfaldii brigsii. probably I. heptaphylla. I could not find it in Britton & Millspaugh's Flora of the Bahamas. Cartwright dug up the tubers at the base of this vine. There were over 30 tubers of fair size and when I cut them they seemed to have a remarkable fine texture. Cartwright did not know of anyone ever trying to eat them. Why might this not cross with other species of Ipomoea.

Returning, we saw a dozen wild donkeys — handsome creatures fat & sleek. (See Photographs.)

The idea occurs to me that on this island where donkeys, hogs, horses & cattle have gone wild one might establish Zebras, and Antelopes & other of the African game animals that are accustomed to savannah conditions — water & mosquitoes in summer long 6 months drouth

Feb. 28

in winter. To some such purpose as this Inagua might be turned. As it now stands Cartwright says there are only about 19 fairly white people on the island and 937 hundred or so blacks.* As a shooting preserve for large game Inagua might be worth while were it properly handled. Who knows.

In the afternoon James & I went 2 hrs by launch to the N.W. Point, where an old man & his wife live — old white people evidently born in Inagua. Father & mother of Maxwell C. Cartwright of Matthewtown.

The old man would sell the whole plantation I suppose for two thousand dollars or even much less. There are several hundred acres in it. The trees were planted by the great grandfather & ~~seem~~ the palms were in good condition. I saw no disease anywhere. The soil seemed favorable & curiously free from snails insects or lizards.

With Cartwright I walked across the N.W. Point, a mile wide to the opposite beach. Through a fascinating growth of many kinds of bushes & trees. Cartwright

* much fewer now than when Allen on the Bahamas was first published.

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had names for many — unfortunately none or few at least were in fruit.

There was a wild cherry (P. 1801) Scorn the Ground a loranthaceae probably. Phoradendron tinervium which the women use when they are "in straw bed". If the branches are allowed to touch the ground they lose all of their efficacy, he says. The Hankee Berry is used with honey to rub babys gums with when they are teething. I tasted a fruit of one & it quite bitter. Perhaps it contains an alkaloid. The Darling plum he says is like a green olive when not ripe but sweet & good when ripe.

No suas obtainable. Of the Brazilette or Brazil wood. Caesalpinia vesicaria I succeeded in getting a few suas. It is ~~the~~ a bitter bush or small tree the wood Tom says was used for years to dye linen thread a pretty pink color. ~~D~~ The wood was once exported Cartwright says.

On the low sandy land near the N. shore were hundreds of Queen Spar apples (Casaria clusiaefolia) were growing there & I ate one. It must be almost black (rotten in fact) It tasted rather mawkish

Feb. 28.

and has a multitude of suds.

On this coast a man named Silly had a turtle hatchery once & almost succeeded the old man Cartwright said but a hurricane destroyed this little creek in which he had his turtles. Eggs are easy to get C. says.

The father & son both complained that the negroes stole ~~at~~ the Coconuts. — bringing sacks to take them off in. One thing was there when we came ran away, having his sack behind him. Even here far away from civilizing & supposedly honesty in-culcating influences the black man pilfers as always. I fear this is a limiting factor of Coconut production in Saqua.

Jae wood (Jacquinia Keyensis) was used then to ~~stun~~ stupefy fish in lagoons Cartwright says.

Since Salt production has ceased & only very few Dutch Boats call for stevadores ~~for~~ to load the boats to & from Curacao. This island has gone back in population — It is going

Feb. 28

slowly back to the ~~dogs~~ brush it seems.

It was interesting to look into the past through old Cartwrights eyes & see a departed glory.

Hurricanes have done their part of course but never have destroyed things as they have in Crooked Island and other islands further north.

Cartwright says he remembers one in 1908 but none between that time and 1932 which latter ~~was~~ could not have been very serious for the tall Coconut palms were all standing.

Jamie & I took a swim, lunched & then fished on the way back to the Yacht. J. caught a red snapper & I a barracuda.

Westward

1933 ——— March 9th Thursday — Kingston Jamaica.

Wilson Popenoe is expected in this morning for a Conference on the future plans of the Expedition. He has been to New York + Boston + got back here while we have been cruising in the Bahamas + Haitian waters.

So far I've not found time to write up our Haitian + Jamaica Experiences.

From Grand Inagua we went to Port au Prince Haiti. when Norman Armour was Minister and the days spent in Haiti were lucky. First came the Carnival which we saw with bright from the grand Stand — Then a trip with C.F. Baker to Beriscoff + his 6000 ft alt. place behind it. Then a visit to the Service Technique School at Damien to see H.D Barker + his Cotton work.

A conference in the Legation with de la Rue and one with Baker + Barker about the banana disease situation + the feasibility of growing fresh vegetables for sale in the Canal Zone.

I found in fruit in the Legation compounds a new fruit (Lucuma dominguensis) that seems to be native to the island and is much like the Canistel. Clifton Adams who was down for the Geographic Society photographed

March 9th

it for me. It may cross with the Canistel + lead to a new winter fruit for Florida.

I collected a pretty Agave that has yellow flowers on long flower stem A. brevispina on the way back from Beriscoff. with Baker. I found that the radish had gone wild in the high mountain valleys back of Beriscoff. at 6000 ft. altitude. It may be an escape. A pretty wild begonia was there along the trail too.

On March 3 we left Port au Prince for Jeremie. a port on the lower peninsula of Haiti. + in the morning Norman Mira + I went ashore. It gave me a good idea of the untouched Haiti. for Jeremie has little contact with Port au Prince. It was richer with a well watered valley that once had irrigation reservoirs along it. that have now gone to pieces.

From Jeremie we came through to Kingston, arriving Sunday morning March 5th with Norman + Mira on board.

Tom + I visited Hope Gardens alone I had not recalled how dry it is here in winter Only 50 inches of rainfall.

Utowana
In the Gulf Stream
Off Tommy Rocks
enroute to
Nassau.

1933. April 6th Thursday.

This cruise is drawing to its close & I feel the nearness of Florida. The Miami Herald lies on the bed - a copy that Nash the Aviator gave us in Cienfuegos. It is only a couple of days old. The strange confused something, we term American life is approaching. Its confusion is tempered by the thought that Marian stands in the archway of the home at C.G. waiting for me as so many times she has waited for my return before. It will have been one of our longest separations. I'm so glad it is so soon to end & that she & Nancy are both well.

Since my last entry so ~~several~~ many things have occurred that I'm almost ashamed to even try to chronicle them.

There are the days spent at Hope Gardens looking over plants with Goodman and Dowries his assistant. My! how dry the Hope garden looked! Lawns near brown & trees browned with dust. The Ravenala and Grias (anchovy pear) path along the little ~~stre~~ canal of water and its pools of aroids. The orchids beneath the overarching Rain trees (Samanea saman) a fine show. Dorrie pets-

April 6.

The ~~large~~ row of large Talipot palms ~~were browned~~ had their leaves edged with brown from the drouth and the Pejibaye and Dictiosperma palms looked dried up a bit. A great tree of the Sausage tree (Kigelia) had bunches of wilted blooms like patches of maroon velvet under its branches where they had fallen.

My memories of 1898 were so dim. I only recognized the old frame office building which still stands.

Near it in a circular bed I saw the most interesting sight of the Garden to me - a bed of Adenium obesa.

Good Lord! Sparks brings his newspaper with the account of the crash of the Akron with 83 lost off Jersey Coast including Admiral Moffatt. I can see him now as he stood in the Miami Biltmore & told me with such great confidence of the next dirigible he was going to build and of the uniform successful trips of the Zeppelin to Brazil.

Nash the Pan American Aviator at Cienfuegos just said a day or two ago here on the Yacht that he didn't think the lighter than air craft.

He had been in Rio when the Zeppelin landed first & he had no confidence in her.

I have never believed in the lighter than air craft. Was Bell called to consider them to be very light log in a stream and to be difficult to push through the water, that he was having Sparks fix specifications

April 6.

This shrub comes from the region near Aden hence the name. It belongs to the Oleander family - also a desert loving shrub. It has enormous flowers like those of the pink Oleander - 3 inches across. As I saw the bed it was a blaze of beautiful pink. It must be grown in Florida. I have 3 plants on board. (One looks poorly.) I left one with Mr. Grey in the Soledad Arboretum. I must write to Goodman for some seeds when they come on.

I was surprised to find the gardeners still inarching their mangos in Hope - they do not seem able to graft them as they do in Summit nor bud them as we do in Washington & Miami. Their best mango is the so called Bombay which I suspect may be as Wilson Popenoe says the ~~Pirie~~ ~~or~~ Paheri. Didn't we send Harris a set of mangos years ago I wonder?

Things have not gone forward at Hope since Harris left I fear for the labels are mostly all gone and Goodman & Downs do not know what their ~~not~~ sts are very well, we named some of them at sight, Tom & I.

April 6. cont

Hope has about 150 acres "planted" but unlike most of the other gardens could be enlarged if there were funds for there are several hundred acres in Experimental Gardens that could be added to it. But the spirit of planting out new species then seemed wanting. To keep what they had and do a little landscaping seemed about all they could handle. Yet Goodman & Downs are nice fellows & we had them on board for an afternoon & I promised to send Goodman some Graftn Hadna mangos and Downes some Cyrtosperma senegalense seeds and a set of cover crop seeds to enrich their pastures, Crotalarias especially.

Tom took me to see the Jamaica Institute which has been built by Mr. Cundall a remarkably erudite man for whom I formed a keen liking. His library, fossils, skeletons, fish in jars and historical paintings were calculated to give one an idea of a sort of Intellectual Oasis in an otherwise pretty low type of everyday hand to mouth existence. I don't see why Kippel of the Carnegie Foundation who seems to have

April 6 cont 1932

visited Jamaica should not have seen the importance of preserving this collection of valuable evidences.

1933. November 26th The Kampong.

Its seven months since I last wrote in this book. Seven months! During this time I ~~returned to Florida~~, went to Panama and returned on the Yacht to Old Providence & San Andrea Islands & to Grand Cayman & Soledad Cuba and at last to Florida. My album of photographs and red pocket notes give the picture of Summit Plant Introduction Garden and Soledad Arboretum with their many new plants which the various Expeditions collected.

Tom joined me in the Kampong the middle of April and occupied his little Guest House. I drove him to San Gallie and left him there. Loomis drove the car. I felt badly on returning to the Kampong and a few days afterwards went to bed the 25th of April I think it was.

I never got up from bed until the first of October spending 5 weeks in the Sanitarium (Kelloggs) at Miami Springs & then going to Boston

1933 Nov 28

To the Deaconess Hospital when I was under doctor Roger Lee and his associates care and where I came so near passing away that even the doctors despaired. My little trained Nurse Miss Goudie never gave me up. She fed me when I was so ill I wouldn't eat anything and as Dr. Lee said my "tough constitution" brought me through. The disease was Rheumatic Fever and I was the oldest patient Dr Lee had ever had with it. 2 Others of his patients with it ~~who had it~~ who were younger even than I "died him dirt" as he said.

So after 5 months on my back I am ~~back~~ again in this paradise among my plants and though able to walk but little I am having a wonderful time looking at them. The closeness to death has made me love life more perhaps and be thankful for the sunshine on the wall and the perfume of the Bauhinia variegata ~~that~~ is in full bloom over the windows of ~~my~~ the bedroom where Daisy and I sleep. Daisy broke down her health worrying + planning for me and had to go to Santa Fe to recuperate.

1933 Nov 28

The dear Francis Proctors took her as their guest out there but is better now. It was his gallant fight for me that saved my life. I've no doubt about that. Dear Tom Tod + Dr. Richard Strong were awfully good to me. Tom gave me permission to order food from the Summerset Club and this helped immensely. In a way I feel as though we owed my life to Tom for through him we got in touch with Dr Lee + Dr. Lee became one of our real friends. He is a great doctor — a truly scientific man. I could write on + on indefinitely about the experiences of the past months. Strange, terrifying at times, but never boring for somehow daylight followed the dark + darkness the daylight with a speed that left no time to worry in. Foster was my night nurse and though really a farmer at heart, made the nights bearable or "Nites" as he spelled them in his hospital records. I fought both Foster + Miss Goudie during hallucinations that were strange + wonderful — one in which I went to heaven in an airplane finding it a great cliff of sand, tunnelled into for miles.

1933 Nov. 28th Kampong.

another in which the "province" in which the hospital appeared to be was sending from the U.S. + Miss Gondie was its political boss and tried to poison me. For weeks I was suspicious of her + Foster — thinking they wanted to poison me. The vividness of fever hallucinations is something too strange. Why they are so much more vivid than dreams I cannot say. Morton Wheeler tells me he had some during a long illness when he was twice given up for dead, that he has never forgotten. In mine, Plant Introduction, Quarantine regulations, and Propaganda. The newly bestowed American Academy of Science medal, and weird trips in canoes in tropical jungles among Oriental peoples played leading rôles. There was too a strange genius who had combined two gases + made a new + marvellous substance but who had a head that one could not often see. It was replaced usually by a tiny electric light like those in flash lights. Once only did I see the head. I became awfully jealous of him once and this led to sad scenes that I'll not relate here.

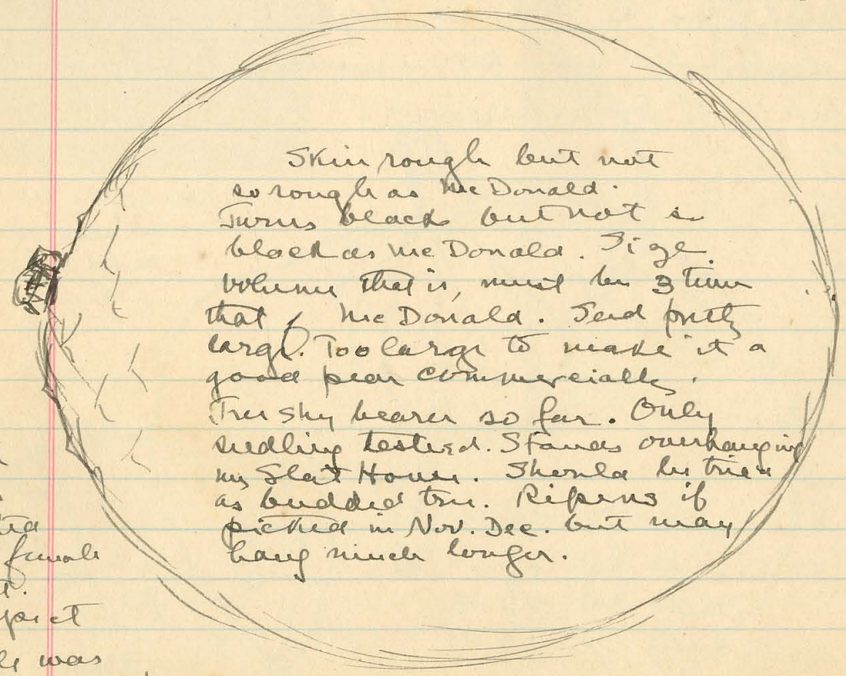
McDONALD SEEDLING.

1933 Nov. 28th Kampong.

Well these experiences are over thank God and here I am at home alive and in my right mind.

The McDonald Avocado seed that I planted in what we called the "Grave Yard" back of the Study in 1917 has grown into a tree that now overhangs my slat house and now has fruited on it after all these 16 years.

They are amazing for their size and show their hybrid character wonderfully well.



Rough ridges inherited from its female parent. I suspect its male was a winslowsonian that stood close by the McDonalds.